

ESSENCE

AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION.

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THE "WEEKLY MESSENGER."

For the benefit of those subscribers to the MESSENGER who would like to get their paper weekly, with the addition of the news of the world and editorial articles, the WEEKLY MESSENGER will be issued commencing with the first of January, 1882. The WEEKLY MESSENGER will be the same size as the NORTHERN MESSENGER. It will contain all the reading that appears in the NORTHERN MESSENGER. It will contain also one page of editorial and two or three pages of news every week. The price will be fifty cents a year; five names sent by one person, two dollars, or, one copy will be sent free to any one who sends us the subscriptions of four other persons. A sample copy will be sent to every subscriber and to any one who writes to us.

A MERRY

A merry Christmas to you, reader, Happy Christmas to you, enough, but they are coming each year with a freshness that cannot be tarnished.

A Merry Christmas to you, grandfathers and grandmothers, whose Christmases are numbered by scores, who are gliding quietly down into the vale of years watered by the river of eternity, and a Merry Christmas to you grandparents still in the prime of life.

A Merry Christmas to you, fathers and mothers, who are bravely bearing the burdens of the day. Heavy they may be and almost insupportable they may appear, but take courage and throw off your cares and troubles and rejoice on the day that commemorates that Christ was born on earth.

A Merry Christmas to you, children, whose steps are light and minds unharassed by care, to whom the future is full of promise; may the memories of this Christmas always remain with you as one that has been most fully enjoyed.

In our enjoyment never let us forget our duty to be thoughtful of the troubles and misfortunes of others and to do our utmost to gladden the hearts of all around us, more especially those in sore need of comfort from the pinching of poverty.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE PARISH.

It was a bright and glorious morning. The birds, as they hopped from branch to branch, carolled their sweetest songs, and all nature appeared to revel in the glad advance of spring; at least so thought Mr. Baron,

who, mounted upon horseback, was riding over his broad and extensive possessions. Mr. Baron was a wealthy man, and as he gazed on the meadows that now lay bathed in sunshine, and turned to view the splendid mansion he had just quitted, a feeling of intense satisfaction filled his bosom, and caused him for a moment to check his steed and indulge in pleasing reflections. The sudden sound of a human voice at length startled the gentleman from his reverie, and looking over the hedge

"But isn't breaking stones rough work?" enquired the gentleman.

"Perhaps so, sir, to those not used to it; but you see, sir," he added, "the Master who has provided the work has also given me strength to do it; there's not many masters can do that, I fancy."

Mr. Baron was silent for a moment, and then pointing to a small bundle which was lying on a heap of stones, he said, "And your wallet, John, what does it contain?"

"My dinner, sir; true 'tis but a bit of

again riding over his wide domains. The words of John, the stonebreaker, had long been forgotten, and other subjects had intruded themselves upon his attention; still there were moments when even the proud worldly heart of the wealthy landowner became subservient to the tormenting whispers of conscience, and such was the case this morning. Mr. Baron felt restless and unhappy, for strange unaccountable words were ringing in his ears. It was useless for him to give his horse the rein and allow him to gallop wildly over the plain, or to pause and endeavor seriously to combat the new impression that was gradually stealing over him: he had tried both expedients, and both had failed. "The richest man in the parish will die to-night," these were the words that were filling the breast of the gentleman with affliction.

On reaching his residence, Mr. Baron immediately sent for the family physician and retired to his room, where he was shortly attended by his lawyer, and at once commenced the final arrangements of his affairs. The evening passed anxiously away, and night veiled earth in darkness. Mr. Baron, surrounded by his family, sat silently awaiting the approach of death; but, to the joy of all and the glad surprise of himself, the night gave place to morning, and smiles and congratulations burst forth at once.

"There," cried the physician triumphantly, as he opened the shutters and let the bright sunshine into the apartment; "I told you that you were the victim of a delusion."

"Yes," replied Mr. Baron, "but nevertheless the delusion, as you term it, is as strong as ever."

"Indeed," cried the doctor, with a look of alarm; "well, then, let us walk into the garden; the beauty of the morning and cheerful conversation may yet banish this sad conviction from your mind."

In silence they reached the gates, when their attention was attracted to an aged man who was slowly approaching them.

"Well, my friend, what is your business?" enquired Mr. Baron, kindly.

"Please your honor, poor John the stonebreaker died last night."

Mr. Baron started, a rush of thoughts passed through his mind. "Ah," cried he, at length, with emotion, "what a fool I have been to imagine for one moment that the voice I heard was intent with all my wealth I was of him who could do Friend and Father."



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

which divided the field from the high road, he perceived a village stonebreaker, who was resting in his dinner hour and singing a hymn. The laborer was not unknown to Mr. Baron, and he determined to speak to him.

"Good morning, John," said he; "you seem very happy."

The man looked up with a smile as he replied—

"Ay, sir, and it would be hard if I was not, when I have so much to make me contented."

bread and cheese, but that with a good appetite, and a drink of water from the brook, makes a man a dainty meal, especially if the blessing of God is added to it."

"But sometimes when you are tired and worn out with the day's work, do you not sigh for the means that would bring you ease and comfort?"

"Not while I possess the 'unsearchable riches of Christ,'" cried the stonebreaker with energy, "which alone have power to make a man happy."

A week passed away, and Mr. Baron was

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Department.

HIDDLE OF THE CIDER-PRESS
WOULD NOT TURN.

THE REV. EDWARD A. HAND.

I stood in the corner of Jerry Mullins's provision-store, that little cider hand-press, and at the end of the handle of the crank, operating the press, stood Hannibal Jones. Day after day, Jerry poured apples, pickles, sour, into the hopper of the press; day after day, Hannibal kept the handle turning; and day after day the cider gurgled down into the pail catching it. How many pails Jerry did sell!

Every day, though, that the cider was kept, it grew more and more sour. And it was just so with Hannibal's face; the longer he turned the handle, the more sour he looked. As for Jerry's face, that grew sweeter and sweeter the larger grew the stream of money flowing back into his drawer, all for cider. The difference was that Jerry's conscience was tough as the outside bark of an old oak; it did not feel. Hannibal's conscience was tender. He was a temperance boy, and he hated to grind those old apples. One day, he stood, motionless as a handsome statue of black marble by the side of the cider-press, and the handle was motionless also.

"What's the matter?" asked Jerry Mullins, who loved to hear the sound of the cider gurgling from the press into the pail below. Hannibal was silent as a mummy.

"What's the matter?" shouted Jerry. "It won't turn," answered Hannibal with a glum look.

"Won't turn?"

"No, sah."

"Stone got anywhere about the wheel and catches it?"

"No, sah."

"Rusty?"

"No, sah."

"Does it need iling?"

"No, no! dis won't turn," and Hannibal pointed at his arm very emphatically. "My arm ain't rusty. It don't need iling, and no stone dar."

"Why, what is the matter? Your arm turned away at the grindstone just now first-rate."

"Something 'bout dat old cider-press dat parlyzes my arm, and it won't turn."

"Paralyzes it?"

"Yes, sah. People come here, boss, and buy your cider, and say, 'no tang to-it.' Dey go home wid it, and keep it till it haba tang. Dis bery day, I heard a case ob a chile—dunno its name—who got his hands on a mug ob cider that had been a-workin' some time, and he drank it, and when he begin fur to be uneasy, he was 'standin' in a char near de winder, and he gab an unlucky kick out ob de winder. 'And, boss, dis arm won't turn any longer.'"

The hitherto sweet Jerry now looked sour as the sour, wormy apples he had thrown into the press. He was mad, mad clear down into his boots—and as Jerry's legs were long, he was mad a good deal—and he raised his foot to kick Hannibal.

"Home with ye! And here's something to help take ye home," said Jerry, raising his boot.

Hannibal was nimble as a coon in a cornfield, and he was out of the store in a minute.

"I had rader hab a good consens dan all de cider-presses in de world!" he shouted.

Looking out of the door, Jerry saw Hannibal standing on his head, to express his satisfaction at the stand he had taken on his feet when by the cider-press.

"Dar! my granny told me not to stand on my head. Dunno what fur I can do, now I done lost my place," he said, inverting himself. Then he went to talk the situation over with his beloved granny, who was an authority in all neighborhood matters. He hardly got of sight when a boy came

to Jerry's store. Jerry hoped that it, and one who had a favorable one.

"t you—" said the boy, "se come—up—to your

"Why so? What—what is the matter?" "Her little Jerry has fallen out of the window."

"Out of the window?" said Jerry, grabbing his hat and running after the boy.

Little Jerry was his pet. The house of his daughter was reached.

"Oh, father! Jerry went out of the window, and there he is in bed. The doctor says it will be some time before he is well."

"How did it happen?"

"He—he—drank some cider, and it made him unsteady."

"Where did he get it?"

"Some you sent up here, and it got too strong for the little fellow," she said hesitatingly.

"Humph!" mumbled Jerry.

He did what he could for the child's comfort, and returned to his store. Then he pitched the cider-press into the yard back of the store.

"Last of the stuff I shall sell, and Hannibal shall come back to-night," declared Jerry.

Back came Hannibal, to look as sweet as once he had looked sour.

Jerry did not tell his customers why he stopped the making of cider—whether a stone had trigged the wheel, or the wheel was rusty and needed "iling." It is a fact, however, that the wheel never turned again.—S. S. Times.

SOMEBODY'S SON, A TRACT FOR
THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

A runaway horse was one day seen dashing through the streets of New Haven at a terrific rate, dragging a waggon that contained a small lad, who was screaming with fright. The waggon "brought up" against the sidewalk with a fearful crash. A crowd hurried to the spot. One old lady, with her cap-strings flying, rushed out into the street, although her daughter exclaimed: "Mother! mother! don't get into the crowd; you can't do him any good." Seeing her agitation, a lady who was passing by kindly enquired, "Is he your son?" "Oh, no," replied the true-hearted matron, "but he is somebody's son!"

The good mother was all give to render a helping hand to save somebody's boy who was in danger of death; but we fear that there is many a matron, and many a daughter in this city, who, during the approaching holiday festivities, will lend a hand to lead somebody's sons right toward destruction! They are already planning a New Year's entertainment; and in their sumptuous bill of fare will be included a liberal supply of champagne, hot punch and brandy. Good friends! before you set forth these stimulating poisons, will you suffer a young man to make one more appeal on behalf of his tempted brethren?

I. Your hospitality does not require intoxicating liquors on such occasions.

We honor the kindly spirit which, on the birthday of the year, prepares a bounteous entertainment. We honor the hospitality which flings wide the doors to all who desire to come in and enjoy it. But the well-furnished groceries and markets of this city have an ample store of wholesome "creature comforts" without drawing upon the liquor-cellars or the wine-vaults. There are many drinks, both palatable and proper, that never cause redness of eyes, or thickness of speech, or delirium of the brain. Under their influence, young men do not reel on the sidewalk or mistake the door-plates of their friends, or venture on impertinences toward the ladies who offer them a hospitable greeting. Under their influence nobody's son is carried home drunk—to shame and rend a parent's heart. But the present unhappy system of wine-giving and punch-brewing on New Year's day produces many a sad scene of excess and inebriation. Last year we saw many a quiet mansion turned into a drinking-house. We saw young men enter them with flushed faces and tongues quite too rapid for propriety. We saw a merchant's clerk whetting an evil appetite that has already cost him a valuable situation. We saw a lawyer of brilliant promise reel toward a home on one of the "avenues," where a fair young wife and aged mother found but little rest through that long, anxious night. He was somebody's son—and somebody's husband, too. Kind reader! you have no more right to endanger thus the well of others, and to rob other households of their hopes and their happiness. "Woe unto him who giveth his neighbor drink!"

II. As a second reason against these liquor-usages, we would urge that many persons are confirmed by them in habits of intoxication.

At all times there are young men in this city who are struggling against evil habits partially formed. A contest is going on within them between conscience and appetite. They see their danger. They begin to realize that if they go much further they shall lose their self-control—they will jeopardize their situation—they will destroy their prospects—and may ruin health, life and their undying souls. These men enter your dwellings on that day with a sore conflict going on between their sense of right and their appetite united to a regard for fashion. If no intoxicating bowl is held out to them they are comparatively safe. But one glass may ruin them. On the summit of a hill in the State of Ohio is a court-house so singularly situated that the rain-drops that fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie, and thence through the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic sea. The drops on the other side trickle down from rivulet to river until they reach the Ohio and the Mississippi and enter the ocean by the Gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destiny of these rain-drops for three thousand miles. So a single act determines sometimes a human destiny for time and for eternity. A fashionable young man, partially reformed from drinking habits, was once offered a glass of wine by a thoughtless sister; and in yielding he rekindled a thirst which carried him back into open drunkenness. The hand that should have sustained him laid him low.

III. But, parents! it is not only somebody's son that is imperilled. Your own, too, are in danger.

The darling who nestled in your own arms may be the victim of the very glass you offer to others. But let the mistress of a household determine that she will discourage all drinking-usages by the summary banishment of the decanter from her own table, and she goes far toward saving her own child from dissipation. A worthy clergyman, while walking the streets of New York, came down rapidly toward a young girl who was alone in the street. He saw her foremost instinct was to rush forward, and, catching the child in his arms—bore her safely to the sidewalk—and, as her bonnet fell aside and she looked up with her pale face to see her deliverer, the good man looked down into the face of his own little daughter? In attempting to save another's child he saved his own. Banish the wine-cup from the social table, and you may unwittingly preserve the son of your bosom from destruction.

IV. Begin the year with a right start! "At the commencement of your journey," wrote the late noble philanthropist, Amos Lawrence, of Boston, "remember that the difference between starting just right or a little wrong will end in the difference between finding yourself in a good position or in a miserable bog. Of all the clerks educated with me in the stores of Groton, Massachusetts, no one but myself—to my knowledge—escaped the bog; and my escape was owing to my total abstinence. We—five clerks in the store—used to compound an intoxicating drink of rum and raisins every forenoon at a certain hour. It was very palatable, and I began to hanker for it. Thinking that my habit would give me trouble if allowed to grow stronger, I declined, without any apology, to drink with my companions. My first resolution was to abstain for a week—then for a year—then for the five years of my apprenticeship in the store. I did not drink a spoonful or touch a cigar. Now, to that simple fact of starting just right, am I indebted, by God's blessing, for my present position."

Let every young man imitate this example.

MY PIPES AND TOBACCO.

"Grandpa," said a little boy one day to a very nice old gentleman, Mr. Winchester, who lived elegantly in one of our large cities, "what does it mean, 'my pipes and tobacco'?"

"What, my son?" said his grandpa.

"What about pipes and tobacco?"

"Why, grandpa," said little Robbie, "the other day, when you threw something that you bought for grandma into her lap, you said, 'Pipes and tobacco,' and it was those beautiful pictures of the angels. And an-

other time, when the expressman brought the—statuary, do you call it, those funny checker-players that I always laugh at so?—you said: 'Here mother, pipes and tobacco'; and sometimes you go into the garden to enjoy your pipes and tobacco, and you never smoke. What does it mean, grandpa?"

"Come here, my little boy. I am glad to answer the question that I hoped you would ask me some day." And his grandfather looked lovingly into the face of the little Robbie that God had given to his care. Taking him into his lap, he said: "How old are you, my son?"

"Most seven," said Robbie very seriously.

"When I was no older than you," continued Mr. Winchester, "I wanted to smoke like my Uncle Robert and mamma said: 'Well, papa, we will let him smoke if he wants to'; so they prepared the pipe for me. At first the smoke would not come as it did for Uncle Robert; but by and by it curled out of the pipe in beautiful rings, and I felt very much like a man as they circled around my face. Soon I began to grow sick. All the day I could not play, and when the night came how my head ached! I wished such a thing as tobacco had never been heard of."

"The next morning I was better, and mamma said, 'You do not like tobacco, my son?' 'No mamma,' I replied. 'But,' she said, 'it will not make you so sick the next time. Do you remember what I told you the other day about the conscience, that after a few times if we neglect to obey its voice it would leave us? It is very much the case with any evil of the body. It ceases after a little to give such warnings as we can understand. It will not make you so sick again, and by and by you can smoke just as Uncle Robert does. Will you not like to try it again?'"

"After two or three times, mamma, will it not hurt me?" I asked.

"What did I tell you about the conscience?" she asked. "To warn

me." "Heart grew ready for and people. But I would do after told me how it how it whole person besides being an expensive habit; for with the money that you will spend for tobacco you can buy a great many useful and elegant things."

"Then I asked what God made it for."

"She told me 'that it was first found in America, and that a famous Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh, learned to smoke, and taught the habit to his countrymen, but that she supposed God made it for medicine.' Do you know the man that works at Squire Devol's?" said his grandpa.

"Yes, sir; you mean the one they call Sam," said Robbie.

"Well," said Mr. Winchester, "Sam and I were boys together. He bought pipes and tobacco, I books and pencils. As we grew up he put his money more and more into such things, while I spent mine for what would benefit me or some one else. Which man would you rather be like, Sam with his stooping, shiftless gait and poor living, or your grandpa with your good grandma, and pleasant home with its pictures and statuary and music?"

"Oh! you, grandpa, and grandma, and everything." And he threw his arms around Mr. Winchester's neck, kissing him all over his face. "You, You!"

"And you will not use tobacco?"

"No, no, I will not learn to smoke at all."

"Not if the boys call you a white-faced baby and tied to your grandmother's apron-strings?"

"No, no!" said little Robbie. "I can say to myself, as grandma taught me the other day: 'Our Father, who art in heaven, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.'—Youth's Temperance Banner."

TEMPERANCE.—Says Dr. Richardson: "Whenever strong drink produces a permanent effect upon the human body, there is established in the affected person the habit of falsehood. The word of no dipsomaniac can be relied on. It is as if the very knowledge of truth, the distinction between true and untrue, has become utterly lost or forgotten." And the statement was confirmed by the experience of eighty or ninety physicians at a late meeting of the Medical Temperance Association.

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limbs; that is, she
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er sprang up from her
run at once for her night-
and wrapper; although,
erally, no little girl could be
ound more nimble and
quick. If she happened
to be reading a book,
her hands moved so
slowly to lay it down,
that one would think
they had grown to it.
Three and four times her
mother was obliged to
speak to her before there
would be any movement
toward obeying her.

"Come, Hattie," the
patient mamma would
say once more, and think
that now her little girl
would soon be undressed.
But Hattie must stop to
caress Rover a minute
on her way to the nur-
sery; or frolic a little
with Freddie, who was
kicking up his baby feet
in the crib; or dollie was
discovered lying, face
down, under the rockers,
and must be made com-
fortable.

When, at last, the pro-
cess of undressing was
commenced, and Hattie's
reluctant fingers slowly
essayed the task of un-
fastening her dress or
untying her shoes, it was
really surprising how
sore Hattie's thumbs sud-
denly grew, and how
many knots there always
were in those trouble-
some strings. Sometimes
she would be found
sitting like "my son John
—with one stocking off
and one stocking on"—
gazing idly into the fire
for minutes together; or,
with one sleeve hanging,
and the other slipped
half way off her arm,
she would seize Maltee,
the kitten, and drag her
through a series of
waltzes, unmindful of her own
condition and of her mother's
long waiting. It seemed as if she
never would get ready for bed.

Now, Santa Claus had seen
this—how sorely Mrs. Reed was
tried by this bad habit of Hattie,
and how Hattie herself was grow-
ing up with a very hurtful dis-
ease preying upon her character.
He resolved upon a cure.

Christmas was approaching.
He had held several private inter-

views with Hattie's papa and
mamma, and found out what
their little daughter most wished
for. For a whole year, she had
been wishing for a set of rose-
wood furniture for her dollie—
like the one Gracie Mills received
last Christmas—and had not been
slow to express the desire in her
mother's hearing. More than
anything else, she longed for a
new box of water colors, and to
possess that beautiful picture, the
"Babe of Bethlehem"; for Hattie
was a young artist in her tastes,
and, in fact, in practice.

All these things, and a great

usual, with a light heart, and vi-
sions dancing through her head if
not of sugar plums, of things quite
as pleasing, and less transitory.
Full fifteen minutes longer than
usual, even, was she in getting
ready to retire, and only went at
last upon a hint from papa that
Santa Claus was sometimes known
to punish dilatory children.

This puzzled her a little, but
did not prevent her from indulg-
ing in the most delightful antici-
pations for the morrow.

Bright and early she rose, eager
to get down stairs, but checked
her impatience till perfectly and

said papa. "Perhaps that will
explain matters."

So Hattie, just ready to burst
into tears, opened the small en-
velope, and read:

My Dear Hattie:—You know I
am rather an eccentric old fellow,
but punctual. When was I ever
known to fail of calling round at
your table on Christmas Eve?
You think, maybe, that I was not
there this year; but I was.

Owing to the very long journey
I had to make, I was obliged to
start early—just as soon, in fact,
as the sun was down; and, as
your father's house came among

the first on my way, I
drew my coursers up to
his chimney just as you
commenced to undress
for bed. "Just in time,"
I said to myself. "Whoa,
Comet! Whoa, Cupid!
I'll be down there and
back in a minute."

But I wanted to wait
till you should be fairly
out of sight. After a lit-
tle, I started down the
chimney, sure that you
were, by that time, snug
between the sheets. But
I heard you talking to
the cat, and your mamma
saying, "Come Hattie,
make haste." So I went
back to my tiny reindeer,
who were getting very
restive, standing there on
the frosty roof. "Wait
a bit," I said.

By and by, I went
down again. There you
stood, in your bare feet,
all dressed in white, the

light
the
thought,
te more,
ne; then
work,
ook-
at's
and

two minutes and a half
waiting for you. So I
took another peep, ex-
pecting to see your figure
disappear through the
nursery door; but on the
way you had picked up
a pair of scissors, and
squatted on the floor to
cut your toe-nails.

I could not possibly
wait any longer. Dunder
and Blixen were pawing
away with their eight
little hoofs, anxious to

be on the road again; for they
knew, as well as I, how many
hundreds of little stockings and
tables just as deserving as yours
were waiting to be filled.

So I sprang up the chimney,
and left you. I don't know
whether you got to bed at all or
not. The gray morn was begin-
ning to dawn before I got home
from my journey; and I had only
time to scribble this note, and
send it by my servant, Jack Frost,



THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS TREE

many more, including story-books
and games, she ventured to hope
would be laid on her Christmas
table; for this was the way her
presents always came. When she
came down stairs Christmas morn-
ing, there it always stood, in the
middle of the room—a little table,
to be sure, but well filled with
pretty things; and she had only
to guess from whom they came.

So, "the night before Christ-
mas" Hattie went to bed, as

neatly dressed, and then flew to
see her expected treasures.

But, on entering the room her
countenance suddenly fell. The
little table stood empty—quite
empty—save a note that lay on
it, addressed, in fair-printed char-
acter, to "Miss Hattie Reed." The
"Merry Christmas" to her
papa and mamma died on her lips;
and she looked from one to an-
other in bewilderment.

"Read your letter, Hattie,"

who will leave it on your table, with my good wishes.

I am sorry for your disappointment this morning; but you understand it is all your own fault, —a fault of which I hope you will be cured before another merry Christmas.

SANTA CLAUS.

Poor Hattie! Long before she got to the end of this letter, her little heart broke; and, without waiting to see how truly good Santa Claus was her friend, after all, she buried her face in her mother's lap, and cried bitterly.

The punishment was almost too much for her to bear. Santa Claus' prescription was a good one. If he watches Hattie now from night to night, he will see, that, when the hour for retiring comes she goes quickly and quietly to bed; and her mamma never has to say, "Come, Hattie, make haste." He will find that Hattie has formed a determination to break up entirely her old, bad habit; and I should not be surprised if, next Christmas morning, her little table should prove quite too small to hold all that generous old fellow will heap upon it.—*Christian Banner*.

THE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

A new year has begun. What kind of a year is it to be to you, boys and girls? Is it to be indeed a "happy" one? That will depend on yourself. "On myself?" some little one asks with surprise. Yes, my dear, on your own little self.

Don't you believe that God wants you to have a happy year?

He wants you to speak the truth, to be obedient to your parents, to be kind and loving to every one, to be industrious, pure-minded and honest. He wants you to keep the Sabbath holy, to read the Bible, to pray to Him every day, to confess and forsake sin, to trust and love Jesus.

Now, are you ready for all this? If you are, your year will begin with God's smile, and His loving face will beam on you to the very end. And what a happy year you will have! You will say when you come to its close that you never had such a happy one before.

Ah, God knows very well what will make us happy. It is to have no naughty will of our own, but to do His will. It is to love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul and mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves.

Dear children, we are all by nature sinful, and so we do not love to do this. We choose to go

on in our own way, and so we are not happy. We need new hearts; that is what we need most, every one of us. We must go to our heavenly Father and ask Him for Jesus' sake to give us the new heart, washed from sin in the precious blood of Christ, and made soft and pure and tender and right. Then we shall love to please God, to do His will, and shall be happy.—*Child's Companion*.

WORK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

What is this cat doing? What are there so many birds around her for? Who ever saw so many birds hopping around so near to a cat? How many boys and girls will write and tell us all about it? To the boy or girl who sends us the best story about this picture



we will send whichever of the following books he or she may choose:—Poems of Sir Walter Scott, complete with notes, "Tom Brown's School Days," by Thomas Hughes, the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning or the poems of Jean Ingelow.

For the second best story on this picture will be given a handsomely bound volume of the "Swiss Family Robinson," or "The Scottish Chiefs."

Those who try for these prizes must be over twelve years of age and under sixteen. The story must be written on one side of the paper only, and the spelling and writing will be taken into consideration in awarding the prize. The stories must be sent in before the first of February and

addressed "Puzzles, NORTHERN MESSENGER, WITNESS Office, Montreal." In sending the stories be sure and give your full name and Post Office address.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Here is something for the little ones to do. How many of them have done what the little boy and girl in the picture on the last page are doing. We wish that every boy and girl under twelve years of age who reads the MESSENGER would tell us just what these two are doing and how they do it.

For the best story about this picture, written by a boy or girl under twelve years old, we will send a beautiful illustrated volume of Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, and for the second best story a

all this trouble on purpose for the birds, for they think they ought to have a merry Christmas as well as we.—*Child's Companion*.

SALT MACKEREL.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, is well known as a most enterprising and honorable business man, and as also deeply interested in every good word and work. He finds, or makes time, amid all the pressure of an extensive business, to conduct one of the largest Sunday-schools in our country.

In one of his addresses, at the late London Sunday-schools Centenary, Mr. Wanamaker illustrated the importance of giving God what costs us something, by the following incident:—

"God forbid that our church work—our Sunday-school work—shall come when we have nothing else to do. A gentleman was with his little boy attending a service where the minister gave a wonderful missionary sermon that stirred the man's heart as he listened to it. He went home—sat down to the frugal meal with his boy, and after a while he said to his son:

"Was not that a wonderful sermon? We have got to do something more for the missionary cause than we have ever done yet. It is astonishing I never thought of giving anything more for this work."

"The son said: 'You cannot give anything more. We have a hard time as it is.'

"I must," said the father, "do something in this cause, now. I am prepared to give up the butter on my bread, and, if necessary—the sugar out of my coffee."

"Wonderful sacrifice!" said Mr. Wanamaker. "I am afraid I could not be led to that myself."

"Now," said the father to his son, "Bob, what will you do?"

"Well, father," said Bob, "I can't do anything."

"Ah," said the father, "you can give up something, just as I have done."

"I don't know about that," said Bob. He paused a little and then said—"I will; I will give up salt mackerel. You see we don't have it very often and I don't like it much, anyhow."

"Well, now," said the speaker, "that is a simple story, but it illustrates precisely what I mean. It seems as if we give God and his work the last few minutes of the day, or a little shred of time here and there. Rather let us bring our best. I don't believe it possible that a man who will take an hour or two hours of the heart of the busiest day for God's work will ever regret it. I am ready to say deliberately, I don't believe that God is willing that any of us shall be indebted to him."—*Church and Home*.

volume of "Chatterbox" for 1882, a large book full of pictures and delightful reading. The same general rules will apply to this as to the story for the older ones.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

Do you know what people do in Norway? Why, at harvest time they put aside one sheaf, just as it is, in a corner of the barn, and there it stays till Christmas comes, and on Christmas Eve they bring it out, and they get their ladders and hang their sheaf of corn right over the barn door. Sometimes the sheaf is put on the top of a tall pole, and great is the rejoicing amongst the children when they see the expectant birds begin their meal. And they take



The Family Circle.

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A friend stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three score.
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in and passes by:
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard;
When our feet bleed and scourging winds
Us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more
Marred
Than any man's; who saith
"Make straight paths for your feet—
and
to the oppress—
"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hangs some damp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope
And our hands strength to work while it
is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, O bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of life, the Hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind—
Love special, close—in which like sheltered
dove
Each weary heart its own safe nest may
find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend—
We'll hold out patient hands each in his
place,
And trust thee to the end.
Knowing thou ledest onward to those
spheres
Where there are neither days nor months
nor years.

MRS. MURDER CRAIN.

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glancia," &c.

CHAPTER I.—AUGUSTA CRANE.

"Only fifty, and so sudden, too! Dear me! it is very shocking," and the lady sighed and looked across at her husband, who was trying to hide his emotion behind his "Tribune."

After a minute's silence she said: "I suppose you would like the girls to put on mourning, John; it would only be becoming for your only brother."

"Yes, yes; get any thing you like. I will just run down town, and then I must start East, or I shall not be in time for the funeral."

"You don't know much of your brother's affairs, do you, my dear? But I suppose he has left his wife and family well provided for," said Mrs. Curtis cautiously.

"I haven't heard much about poor Bob since I came out West; but, thank God, I can help the girls a bit if they need it."

"Yes, yes; but don't make any foolish promises, John, in that direction. You must remember you have children of your own, and Milly's education is costing a good deal now."

"Don't frighten yourself, my dear; you and the children shall always have all you want. But I must go now. I will run in again on my way to the depot," and Mr. Curtis, looking very sad and rueful in spite of his efforts to the contrary, hurried down the street thinking of the brother who had been such a dear companion in the days of their boyhood and such a helpful friend and counsellor since he had reached man's estate. He owed all his present prosperity to his brother's friendly counsel and "mely help," and he had always meant to give him some

tangible proof of his gratitude; for, although no word had been said upon the subject in the letters that passed between them, he had a dim idea that things had not prospered with his elder brother of late. And now that he was gone beyond the reach of kindly words or deeds of gratitude, the wealthy, prosperous merchant as he walked down town reproached himself bitterly for the neglect, and resolved to do what he could for the widow and her daughters.

His brother had only left two children, both girls. The merchant wished they had been boys, that he could have taken them both into his office; for the youngest was a year older than his Milly, who was now just thirteen, but looked a good deal older. He wondered what his nieces were like, and what he could do for them, all the time he was making arrangements with his head clerk; and when he went home for his valise on the way to the depot it was about these and the bereaved widow rather than his own wife and children that his thoughts were occupied.

Meanwhile Mrs. Curtis was busy with her preparations for going into mourning, and was in the midst of her consultation with the dress-maker when a visitor was announced.

"Milly, just run and see who it is. I really am so fatigued I cannot see anybody to-day," said the lady, throwing herself back in the rocking-chair.

But Milly came back the next minute, bringing the visitor with her. "It is only Aunt Maria, mamma," she said picking up the fashion book she had flung aside when she went out.

"O Maria, I am glad you have come in, for you can help me to decide about the killing and flounces for Milly's dress. I was afraid when I heard your knock that it might be that tiresome Miss Green."

"Well, I dare say she will be here to tell you the news presently. Who do you think I saw just after I left you this morning? Augusta Crane."

Milly let her book fall again when she heard this. "Have the Cranes come home from Europe, auntie?" she said.

"Yes, my dear; and Augusta is so improved, she is quite charming."

"Well, there was plenty of room for improvement, aunt. But Augusta did not go to Europe, you know; she was sent to some school somewhere near New York—a convent school, I think it was. Don't you remember the talk about it at the time?"

"I do remember something about it now you mention it. Of course, a good deal of prejudice exists against convent schools, but, after all, it may be only prejudice you know. At any rate, Augusta Crane is wonderfully improved in her manners and deportment, and it is only fair, you know, to give honor where honor is due."

"Oh yes, of course. When did Mr. and Mrs. Crane reach home?" asked Mrs. Curtis.

"Last night, I think. Augusta will probably call here in a day or two, if you cannot call upon them."

"Well, I certainly shall not do that. They held their heads high enough before, and this trip to Europe will probably send them an inch or two higher," said Mrs. Curtis with some warmth.

"Well, mamma, I think we had better wait before having my best dress made up, and we can see how Augusta has hers made. They will be direct from Paris, you may be sure, and if she does call here—"

"I don't believe she will, Milly. You seem to forget that she would scarcely speak to you last year, although you went to the same school together. A more proud, haughty girl than Augusta Crane I never knew."

"Well, my dear, you must make some allowance for her, you know," put in Aunt Maria. "Mr. Crane is undoubtedly the richest man in the State. He owns all the best part of the town and half the county besides."

"Yes, bought it up, a mere swamp, at fifty cents an acre," said Mrs. Curtis disparagingly.

"His father did that, my dear; and his son is to-day one of the wealthiest men in America by the speculation. But we were talking of Augusta, and I should advise you to cultivate her for Milly's sake. The Cranes are the leaders of society, you know, and if Milly once got introduced to their set, it would be as good as a fortune to her."

"Well, she is not likely to be dependent upon that sort of fortune; but still it can do

her no harm to get into the best society, and so, if we have an opportunity, we will cultivate Miss Augusta. But now do tell me about these dresses, Maria. How shall I have them made?"

There was a long discussion upon this important topic between the two ladies, aided by suggestions from the dress-maker; and when this was settled it was arranged that Mrs. Curtis and her sister, Miss Maria West, should drive out the next morning and call upon the Cranes, and if any opportunity offered Miss Augusta should be invited to come and see Milly; for, in point of fact, Mrs. Curtis was quite as anxious as her sister to be on visiting terms with the richest people in town. Milly professed to be quite indifferent about the matter. Augusta was proud, haughty and disagreeable, and always would be, she said; but when that young lady called to see her, a few days afterward, Milly was very pleased, and soon altered her opinion about her former school-fellow. She enquired very kindly after all her former companions, and then asked Milly if she would not like to go to the Eastern States to school.

"Did you like being at school?" asked Milly.

"O yes, very much. You know I am going back for another year."

"Are you, really?" said Milly with widely opened eyes. "I thought you were sixteen last birthday."

"So I was, but I feel as though I had only just begun to learn some things, and so I have begged papa to let me have another year with my dear teachers."

"Well, you do surprise me, Augusta. When I heard you were going to school—a convent school, too—I quite pitied you."

"Not more than I pitied myself," laughed Augusta.

"How was it you went to a convent school, Miss Crane?" asked Mrs. Curtis, who came into the room at this moment.

"Well, ma'am, the Sister Superior was a very dear friend of mamma's some years ago, and a sort of promise was given, when I was a baby, that I should spend a year with her. She has often reminded mamma of this promise, but until this trip to Europe was talked of there seemed no chance of its fulfillment, but when that was planned we had another letter, asking mamma to let me go to the school the sisters had just commenced, and it was settled almost before papa knew any thing about it."

"And you really like it now, Miss Crane. I have heard so much against convent schools," said Mrs. Curtis.

"It's all prejudice. I wish you would let Milly come with me to see for herself," said, turning to Mrs. Curtis.

But that lady shook her head. "I am sure her papa would never consent," she said.

"I suppose Mr. Curtis has some general prejudice against them. Perhaps that the scholars are forced to attend services in chapel, hear mass and go to confession, and I know not what."

"Well, is it not so?" asked Mrs. Curtis.

"Oh, no, it is quite a mistake! no one is forced to go to any of the services; no one ever asked me to go," added Augusta with a great show of candor.

"Well, you quite surprise me, Miss Crane. I always thought the nuns gave the girls no peace until they had persuaded them to become nuns, too."

"O dear! there was never a greater mistake than that," laughed Augusta; "Who could have put such an idea into your head, Mrs. Curtis?"

"Well, I don't know how it was, but I am sure I have always believed it was like this," said Mrs. Curtis.

"Well, perhaps it was something like this years and years ago; but now so many Protestant children are sent to convent schools the sisters always promise that they shall have perfect liberty in religious matters. I know it is so at my school."

"And you say there are a great many Protestant girls there."

"Yes, more than half are Protestants. You would not be so surprised, dear Mrs. Curtis, if you knew how much better we are taught—in music and languages especially. You see, most of the sisters in the convent are real ladies, who teach for the pleasure of teaching, and not for the profit; in fact, there is no profit, for although they give much better instruction in every thing, the charges are little more than half what is charged at an ordinary boarding-school."

"Indeed. Well, it's very kind of the nuns to take so much trouble for nothing, and I almost wish it was not so far off, that Milly might go for one term, at least."

"O mamma, I wish I could," chimed in Milly. "You say I do not get on with my music under Mrs. Preston; do let me go back with Augusta."

"My dear, I am afraid your papa would not hear of it," said Mrs. Curtis.

"Couldn't you persuade him to let her come for a year?" said Miss Crane. "It would be so nice to take Milly back with me."

Milly and her mother both felt flattered by this speech and Augusta's graciousness, but still Mrs. Curtis shook her head.

"I am afraid Mr. Curtis will never consent," she said speaking very slowly, and half regretfully.

"What is that, my dear? O Miss Crane, I beg your pardon, but you see I am quite at home here, we have always been sisters, and—"

"And Aunt Maria rules mamma," put in Milly; "so we may as well tell her what we were talking about."

"Well, I am sure I shall have Miss West on my side, for she is above the illiberal notions and prejudices of more common people," said Augusta pleasantly.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Miss West, settling herself for a comfortable chat.

"We have been talking about convent schools, Maria; Miss Crane wants Milly to go back with her after this recess."

"My dear Miss Crane, are you really going back to school?" said Miss West, in surprise.

"Yes, I very much wish to have another year there, and papa has consented to let me go."

"Well, I should think that one fact alone ought to be sufficient to dispel any vulgar prejudice against convent schools, for I never knew a girl prefer to go away to school when she could have a good time at home. I am very much surprised to hear that you are going back again."

"You would not be if you knew all," said Augusta, with a little heightened color. "The fact is I am not nearly so proficient in music as I wish to be," she added.

"Ah! I have heard that they are unrivalled as teachers of music," said Miss West.

"Yes, indeed; I often wish some of my friends here could hear the sisters sing and play."

"And they don't force the scholars to become Roman Catholics?"

"No, indeed; they are all Protestants, and lay aside their unreasonable prejudice."

"That is just my opinion," said Miss West, nodding pleasantly at their guest, and mentally wondering whether the rich gray dress Augusta wore was the newest Parisian color.

"I wish you could persuade papa to adopt your opinion, auntie; he might let me go to school with Augusta then," said Milly, coaxingly.

Aunt Maria laughed. "You will make convent schools fashionable among our young ladies, Miss Crane," she said.

"I hope so," said Augusta, and then she rose to take her leave, promising to call again in a day or two, and pressing Milly to come and see her the next day, to look over a portfolio of drawings and paintings she had brought home with her.

"Are they your own work?" asked Miss West.

"O yes; I have learned to love painting as well as music, since I have been to this school."

When the door closed upon their visitor Miss West turned triumphantly to her sister.

"Now isn't that girl a credit to any school?" she said.

"Yes; I am puzzled—amazed at the change in her. I wish Milly could go back with her."

"She must, my dear. You must get over John's prejudices," and Miss West sat down as though her judgment on this point was not to be questioned.

(To be Continued.)

"STEP OUT INTO THE DARK!"

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

"Willie," said the minister to his little boy, as we were sitting down to our evening meal, on one of the last days of December, "where is the hammer you asked me to lend you this afternoon?"

"I left it in the yard, sir, near the grape-vine."

"Well, my boy, you should have brought it back at once and put it in its place; run and do so now. Mother will excuse you from the table for a few minutes."

The little boy went to the door, stopped, and turned back.

"Father, had I not better wait until the moon rises and there is more light?"

"No, Willie, the moon will not rise until after midnight, and it is not yet so dark but that you may easily find the hammer if you know where you left it. Go quickly, now."

Willie returned to the front door, opened it, looked out—and came back again. The short winter twilight was rapidly fading away, and the contrast between the cold and comparative darkness outside, and the warm, cheerful room with its well-appointed tea-table, was certainly not inviting.

"Well, my son, why did you not do as I told you?"

"Why, because—out there—why, father, it is dark!"

The father began to speak more decidedly, the mother with gentle words, to persuade the child into obeying and overcoming the fear of which he was half-ashamed, but Willie still stood hesitating, when from the other side of the table came a sweet little four year old voice.

"Why, Willie, if you step out into the dark, God is out there, he will be all over you."

And Willie went.

What a lesson those children taught!

What a lesson those children taught!

What a lesson those children taught!

What a lesson those children taught!

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and force of circumstances drag me into that dark path which I must needs go through! And now, standing again on the threshold of another new year, the words of that little child come back to me with renewed power and consolation, and I would fain share them with all my suffering, tried, tempted brethren and sisters in Christ. How many an invalid, to whom each passing year brings but added suffering, how many a watcher by the bedside of a loved one whose days on earth are numbered, how many a man, overburdened by business cares and perplexities, or woman, slowly sinking under one of those hidden sorrows which must be borne in silence, looking at 1882 as it comes to them covered with a dark cloud, cry out in their heart like the frightened boy, "O Father, it is dark!"

Dear friends, let "a little child lead you" into the path of faith and trust, assuring you that "God is out there," or, in the words of the Lord himself: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God!" Isaiah 60: 10.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

BENNIE.

BY FANNY I. KENNISH.

"Take good care of Bennie, and don't catch on the bobs," mother said, as she gave the dinner basket to Sam.

"Yes, mother," Stella said, grabbing hold of Bennie's fat hand and hurrying off.

It was a mile or more to the school-house, but Sam and Stella did not mind the walk and were only anxious to get there in time for a frolic before nine o'clock; but little seven-year old Bennie found it pretty tiresome.

They rushed down the road as fast as they could—Bennie bravely trying to keep up with Stella and Sam. Stella would turn occasionally to hurry him, or, when he was too far behind, to wait impatiently for him.

At the edge of the pine woods, a great shout behind them, "See a long double sleigh, or bobs," as they called them, with a dozen boys and girls on. Sam and Stella waited till it came up, which gave Bennie a chance to catch up again.

"Jump on," screamed the boys and girls as they dashed up; and all three made a scramble. The man had allowed a couple of the neighbors' children to ride with him, but was not at all pleased with his increasing load of shouting boys and screaming girls, and he drove along quite rapidly, without waiting to add to his list of passengers. Sam and Stella, with the help of those in the sleigh, managed to get in while Bennie hung courageously to the box, with his feet on a runner.

But a sudden start made him lose his hold and he fell off. There was such a shouting and laughing that nobody heard his cry, and they turned around a bend in the road and were out of sight before Bennie could collect his scattered senses and get upon his feet again.

The sleigh with its merry load went on through the long pine woods, whose green boughs were bending low with their white burden of snow, and which sent back the echoes of the careless voices from its dark depths.

At the school-house they all clambered out and went trooping in to the great fire that blazed in the log school-house. Sam thought it quite beneath the dignity of his fourteen years to look after such a baby as Bennie, while Stella had so many secrets to tell to Barbara Stone that Bennie quite escaped her mind.

Just before recess time the primer class was called up and Stella, looking lazily through her grammar, missed Bennie's blundering voice.

Her surprise at not seeing him in his place was so great that she cried out:

"Where's Bennie?"

The other scholars laughed and the teacher looked up sternly, but, seeing Stella's troubled face, enquired about the missing Bennie.

"He has not been here this morning," the teacher said. "I thought he would not come such a cold day."

"But he did," said Stella. "He got on the bobs with us. Didn't he, Sam?"

Sam did not know, but several others had

been hanging on, though no one remembered seeing him get off.

The day was a very cold one, and the teacher, alarmed for the little one, sent Sam and two or three more of the larger boys to look for him. Stella sat with a white, frightened face, and there was very little studying done by any one, as they waited anxiously for the boy's return.

The school was dismissed for the noon recess before they came back. They had looked all along the road for traces of Bennie, and had finally gone home thinking they might find him there; but no Bennie was found. The father and mother were alarmed about the little boy, and the neighbors were out searching the woods and fields. All the afternoon the scholars, listening anxiously, could hear the voices of the men as they shouted back and forth the news of the lost child.

Stella had gone home with a sorrowful heart. How these last words of her mother rang in her ears, "Take good care of Bennie, and don't catch on the bobs." And she remembered with shame that she had scarcely gotten out of her mother's sight before she had disobeyed. It was not the first time, by a great many, that she had forgotten or neglected her mother's words; but it was the first time that anything serious had resulted from her disobedience, and her fault was made known. She crept into a corner of the deserted room, where her mother would not notice her, and cried softly to herself. The mother, distressed as she was for Bennie's safety, saw the drooping little figure, but she thought Stella needed the punishment for disobedience and selfishness, and she left her alone.

Sam was off in the woods, bravely doing what he could to repair the mischief of his own and Stella's fault; but Stella had the harder part—to sit still and wait, quite helpless to right the wrong she had done.

The night came on, clear and cold and starry. Still the cry of "Lost child!" rang through the woods, sending a chill through Stella as she stood with her face pressed against the pane, thinking of little Bennie. Men shook their heads sadly when they met each other and said, "If he has not been picked up before this, we can do nothing for him, when we do find him, poor little fellow!"

Stella could bear the silent agony no longer. She crept up to her mother and sobbed out:

"Oh, mother, will they find him, poor little Bennie?"

"We will hope that the good Father is watching over him, my little girl."

The mother tried to speak bravely, but her heart was full of fear. Just then came the loud blast of a horn—the sound that they had been waiting to hear all that sorrowful afternoon, and glad voices shouted out that Bennie was found. They brought him in to his mother's arms, not cold and white as she had almost expected to see him, but warm and rosy and smiling, to tell in his stammering fashion his story of the day. And then when they were calm enough to hear it, Bennie's father told how after Bennie had fallen off the sleigh he had blundered along the road, crying with cold and fear. The woods were dark and lonely. He did not know the way, and he did not think of going back, and in despair he had sat down to cry.

A man coming along in a cutter stopped to speak to the forlorn little boy. The day was so cold and the road so little travelled that he did not dare to leave the little fellow there, so he took him into his cutter and wrapped him up warmly in the robes, thinking that he would leave him at the first house. The man was a stranger, and did not know that, on the road on which he soon turned off, it was five miles to the nearest house. But there the man left him, telling the people where he found him, and asking them to return Bennie to his parents or send them word as soon as possible. Bennie told his name and where he lived as well as he could, and the farmer had watched all day for a passing team by which to send Bennie home, but none appeared. The day was wearing away, and the farmer said,

"I think I shall have to hitch Dolly to the cutter and take the little boy home, or his parents will be frightened about him."

As the farmer and Bennie were dashing along the road they heard the cry of "Lost child! Lost child!" The farmer sent back an answering call, and the news that Bennie was found was rung out with the blast of the horn.

Sam and Stella were so glad to get Bennie

safely back and to feel that they were free from the awful dread of the consequences of their carelessness and selfishness, that nothing was too good for the little fellow. The next morning, as the hoods and scarfs were tied on and Sam took the lunch basket in one hand and took hold of Bennie's little fist with the other, Stella said:

"There won't be any need of saying, 'Take care of Bennie to-day,' mother."

"Nor any day, I hope, Stella," her mother said, kissing the three rosy faces. "I think this lesson will be remembered for a long time."

And Stella thought so, too.—*Church and Home.*

Question Corner.—No. 1.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the professor in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. By what other name was the city of Bethlehem known?
2. In Jeremiah is the prophecy, "A voice was heard weeping in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children because they were not." When was this prophecy fulfilled?
3. Who is referred to in the following prophecy in Isaiah, "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God?"

4. In whom I pleased.
5. Which two of the apostles did I call first?
6. What were they doing when Jesus first spoke to them?
7. Who were the next two called, and what were they doing?
8. By what other name were these last two known?
9. What miracle did Christ perform in the country of the Gadarenes?
10. What death did John the Baptist die?
11. What is the meaning of the words "Talitha cumi," and to whom were they uttered?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The first man.
 2. The first man of Bethel.
 3. The first master of Joseph in Egypt.
 4. The first name of the Jewish people.
 5. The first High Priest among the Jews.
- The initials make a name of Christ.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 23.

265. Ezekiel xviii. 3.
266. Two thousand three hundred and nine years.
267. Enoch, built by Cain. Gen. iv. 17.
268. Seventy sons besides Abimelech. Judges viii. 30, 31.
269. Sixty-nine, for Jotham escaped. Judges ix. 5.
270. Jerubbaal. Judges vi. 32.
271. See Judges vi. 32.
272. Jonathan. 1 Sam. xiv. 1, 14.
273. Omri; king of Israel. 1 Kings xvi. 23, 24.
274. Shalmaneser, king of Assyria. 2 King's xviii. 9, 11.
275. Hoshea. 2 Kings xviii. 9.
276. Hezekiah. 2 Kings xviii. 9.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Felix; 2. Othniel; 3. Leviticus; 4. Leek; 5. Onyx; 6. Word; 7. Philippi; 8. Euphroditus; 9. Abana; 10. Cassia; 11. Ephod; 12. Watch; 13. Ichabod; 14. Tabret; 15. Hobab; 16. Anna; 17. Laver; 18. Lebanon; 19. Moloch; 20. Eliab; 21. N.
- Follow peace with all men.

CORRECTION.

To No. 23.—*Editorial*
12 ac; Mary J. Farrow;
13 ac; Mary J. Farrow;
14 ac; Mary J. Farrow;
15 ac; Mary J. Farrow;
16 ac; Mary J. Farrow;
17 ac; Mary J. Farrow;
18 ac; Mary J. Farrow;
19 ac; Mary J. Farrow;
20 ac; Mary J. Farrow;
21 ac; Mary J. Farrow;

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V.

Jan. 23, 1882.]

[Mark 2:18-23; 3:1-5.]

THE PHARISEES ANSWERED.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-5.

18. And the disciples of John and of the Pharisees used to fast: and they come and say unto him, Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not?

19. And Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bridechamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them? As long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast.

20. But the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days.

21. No man also seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment; else the new piece that filled it up taketh away from the old, and the rent is made worse.

22. And no man putteth new wine into old bottles; else the new wine doth burst the bottles, and the wine is spilled, and the bottles will be marred: but new wine must be put into new bottles.

23. And it came to pass, that he went through the corn fields on the sabbath day; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn.

24. And the Pharisees said unto him, Behold, why do they on the sabbath day that which is not lawful?

25. And he said unto them, have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungered, he, and they that were with him?

26. How he went into the house of God in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the shewbread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him?

27. And he said unto him, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath:

28. Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.

CHAP. 3:1. And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had a withered hand.

2. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the sabbath day; that they might kill him.

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ne hand. And he...
hand was restored wh... as the other.

DEN TEXT.—"Remember the sabbath to keep it holy."—Ex. 20:3.

TOPIC.—True meaning of Ordinances.

LESSON PLAN.—1. TRUE FASTING. 2. TRUE SABBATH-KEEPING.

Time.—Summer, A.D. 23. Place.—Capernaum.

HELPS TO STUDY.

1. TRUE FASTING.—V. 18. USED TO FAST—the law required only one fast in the year, on the day of atonement; but the Pharisees observed many other fast days, and the disciples of John seemed to have followed the practice. V. 19. THE CHILDREN OF THE BRIDEGROOM—the companions of the bridegroom during the marriage feast. Fasting is an expression of grief not suitable for a marriage feast. While Christ, the Bridegroom, is present, it is not suitable that his disciples should fast. V. 21. NEW CLOTH—undressed, liable to shrink when wet. TAKETH AWAY—by shrinking and tearing it. V. 22. OLD BOTTLES—made of skins. They became tender with age, and were easily rent. New times require new means to meet them.

11. TRUE SABBATH-KEEPING.—V. 23. CORN FIELDS—fields of wheat or barley. PLUCK THE EARS—picked off the heads and rubbed them in their hands to separate the grain from the chaff. V. 24. NOT LAWFUL—they charge the disciples with Sabbath-breaking in rubbing out the grain in their hands. V. 25. WHAT DAVID DID—David, pressed by necessity, asked and obtained from the priest what, according to the law, it was wrong for any one except the priests to touch. His necessity set aside the letter of a ceremonial law. V. 27. MADE FOR MAN—for rest from labor and for worship; not as a burden, but as a comfort and blessing. Therefore Christ would do good to men on that day, and approve of works of necessity and mercy. We should keep it lovingly, joyfully, in spirit, and not in form only. V. 28. THE SON OF MAN—He who has come to redeem man is Lord of the SABBATH, not to abolish it, but to show how it should be observed and to enoble it. V. 1. WITHERED—dried up and useless. V. 2. THEY—the scribes and Pharisees. WATCHED HIM—to find further ground to accuse him of Sabbath-breaking. V. 4. HE SAITH UNTO THEM—read the parallel passages. To relieve even a beast on the Sabbath day was lawful; much more to heal a suffering man. V. 5. RESTORED—with the command power to obey was given. Jesus first showed that works of mercy were lawful, and then proved by the miracle that he was Lord of the Sabbath.

TEACHINGS:

1. The Sabbath is intended to be a joy and a blessing.
2. We need its rest and quiet both for body and mind.
3. We need the day in public and private, not in idleness and folly, but in service to God.

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LESSON VI.

Feb. 5, 1882.]

[Mark 3:6-19.]

CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 13-15.

6. And the Pharisees went forth, and straightway took counsel with the Herodians against him, how they might destroy him.

7. But Jesus withdrew himself with his disciples to the sea; and a great multitude from Galilee followed him, and from Judea,

8. And from Jerusalem, and from Idumea, and from beyond Jordan; and they about Tyre and Sidon, a great multitude, when they had heard what great things he did, came unto him.

9. And he spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him, because of the multitude, lest they should throng him.

10. For he had healed many; insomuch that they pressed upon him for to touch him, as many as had plagues.

11. And unclean spirits, when they saw him, fell down before him, and cried, saying, Thou art the Son of God.

12. And he straitly charged them that they should not make him known.

13. And he goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would; and they came unto him.

14. And he ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach.

15. And to have power to heal sickness, and to cast out devils:

16. And Simon he surnamed Peter;

17. And James the son of Zebedee, and John the brother of James; and he surnamed them Boanerges, which is, The sons of thunder:

18. And Andrew, and Philip, and Bartholomew, and Matthew, and Thomas, and James the



KEEPING SHOP.—(See fifth page.)

son of Alphæus, and Thaddæus, and Simon the Canaanite,

19. And Judas Iscariot, which also betrayed him; and they went into an house.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."—JOHN 15:16.

TOPIC.—Christ Gathers Disciples.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE PLOTTING PHARISEES. 2. THE EAGER FOLLOWERS. 3. THE CHOSEN APOSTLES.

Time.—Midsummer, A.D. 23. Place.—At the Sea of Tiberias and a mountain near Capernaum.

HELPS TO STUDY.

1. THE PLOTTING PHARISEES.—V. 6. STRAIGHTWAY—immediately. TOOK COUNSEL—made a plan; consulted. THE HERODIANS—a political party; persons who, though hating the Roman rule, yet favored the claims of Herod's family to kingly power. Their common hatred to Jesus made these enemies friends. HOW THEY MIGHT DESTROY HIM—so bitter was their hatred that they watched his acts and words to find some cause to put him to death.

11. THE EAGER FOLLOWERS.—V. 7. WITH-DREW HIMSELF—to avoid his enemies, and to find a more convenient place for teaching and healing. TO THE SEA—to the shores of the Sea of Galilee. FROM GALILEE—its towns and villages. JUDEA—the southern province of Palestine, west of the Jordan. V. 8. JERUSALEM—the centre of Jewish worship and influence. IDUMEA—Edom, south and south-east of Palestine. TYRE AND SIDON—the principal cities of Phœnicia, on the seacoast north of Palestine; used for the whole district. V. 9. SHOULD WAIT UPON HIM—be all the time at his service. V. 10. PLAGUES—diseases of body or mind. V. 11. UNCLEAN SPIRITS—persons possessed by evil spirits. FELL DOWN—the possessed man fell down

and his voice uttered the cry, but both were the acts of the evil spirit. V. 12. NOT MAKE HIM KNOWN—not proclaim him as the Messiah.

13. THE CHOSEN APOSTLES.—V. 13. HE GOETH INTO A MOUNTAIN—there he remained all night in prayer. WHOM HE WOULD—such as he pleased. ORDAINED—set apart. BE WITH HIM—his constant attendants, and thus trained for his work. SEND THEM FORTH—this took place some time afterward. V. 15. TO HAVE POWER—as proof of their mission. V. 16. HE SURNAMED PETER—see John 1:42. V. 17. JAMES—usually called "the elder" to distinguish him from the other apostle of the same name. He was the first of the apostles who suffered martyrdom. Acts 12:2. JOHN—who outlived all the rest. V. 18. BARTHOLOMEW—the same as Nathaniel (John 1:45), the friend of Philip. JAMES THE SON OF ALPHÆUS—called "James the less," or younger. Mark 15:40. THADDÆUS—called also Judas; the author of the Epistle of Jude. Compare Luke 6:16; Acts 1:13; John 14:22. THE CANAANITE—rather the Zealot; one of the sect so named. Luke 6:15; Acts 1:13.

TEACHINGS:

1. Christ chooses and sends forth his ministers.
2. He appoints them to the place of their labors.

3. He gives them the message they are to bear.
4. He promises to be with them always, even to the end of the world.

5. The rejection of their message will meet with his displeasure.
6. Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound." Ps. 89:16.

REMEMBER that Christ chose his twelve apostles and sent them forth to preach his gospel that he might gather disciples to himself. This gospel is preached to you in the church and taught you in the family and the Sabbath-school for the same purpose—that you may become a true disciple and follower of the Lord Jesus. Will you be a doer, as well as a hearer of the word?

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